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# National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 152

MAY, 1959

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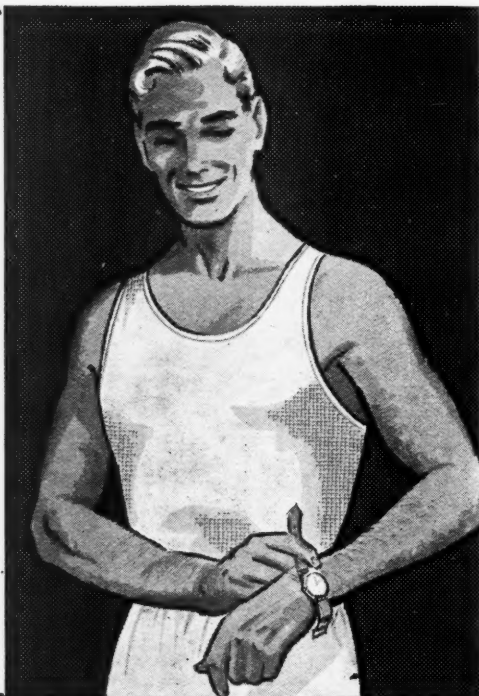
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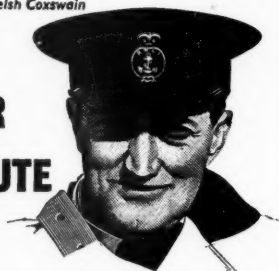
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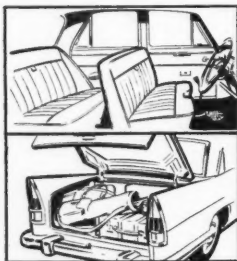
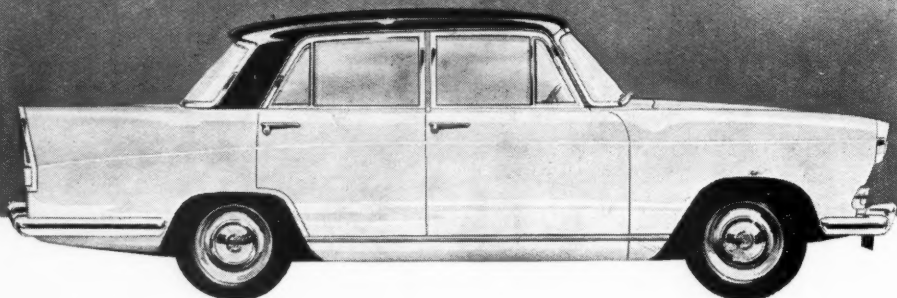
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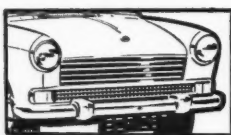
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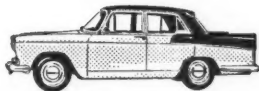
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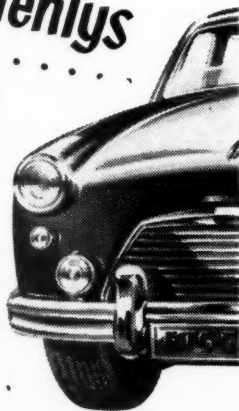


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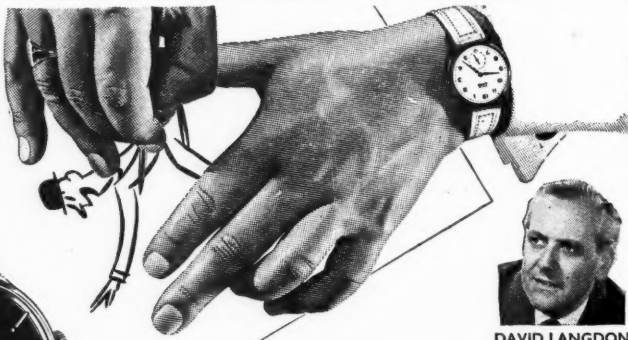
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## Episodes of the Month

### DEMOCRACY AT BAY

**T**HE Aldermaston marchers would have us believe that the true conflict in the world today is not between Communism and democracy, but between peoples and their governments. We respectfully dissent. It seems to us that the struggle between Communism and democracy (not "the West", since the largest democracy—India—lies in the East) is the supreme reality which governments and peoples now have to face. And of course peoples are better able to face it in democratic States, where their collective opinion counts for much, than in authoritarian States, where it counts for little or nothing. We have heard of no Russian equivalent to the Aldermaston march.

Democracy, however, is at bay. It must not throw away the nuclear deterrent, unless by reciprocal arrangement with the Russians, but equally that deterrent must no longer be relied upon for safety. More intelligent use must be made of democracy's resources. Thus it would surely be wise if the United Kingdom were to renounce its own manufacture of nuclear weapons and devote the money so saved to the development of poverty-stricken countries within the Commonwealth. The free world cannot afford the obsolete luxury of prestige politics.

It is essential, too, that the democratic front should not be morally weakened by the inclusion in it of patently undemocratic elements. Portugal, for instance, should not be a member of N.A.T.O., and the U.K. and France should hasten the advent of full democracy in all their overseas dependencies. It is idle for France to contend that Algeria is a special case, or for the U.K. to plead the case for slower advance where there are substantial British settler communities. The present regimes in Algeria, the Rhodesias and Kenya are a menace to the cause of democracy in the world. Nor is it enough to make piecemeal concessions: democracy must mean universal suffrage on a common roll, and governments responsible to elected majorities, or it is virtually meaningless.

The opponents of rapid constitutional change in Asia and Africa point to recently "liberated" States—Ceylon, for example, or Ghana—and observe that the removal of colonial power has been followed by a trend towards indigenous tyranny. There is some

truth in what these pessimists say—yet the reformer must not be deflected. Strong government is often inevitable when a new independent State is being established (for a balanced view of Ghana we refer readers to the striking article by Mr. Dennis Austin in the current issue of *Africa South*) and in any case indigenous tyranny is less of a danger to the free world than tyranny maintained from without by ostensibly democratic Powers. The Russians could never hope to exploit Ghana for their own purposes as they will certainly be able to exploit Central Africa, unless the U.K. and Federal Governments between them decide on a radical change of policy.

Though he professes aloofness from the Cold War, there is no more experienced cold warrior than Mr. Nehru, and he has recently shown his farsightedness and wisdom in his handling of the very tricky Tibetan business. Chinese encroachment is a major headache for him, and the flight of the Dalai Lama has stirred Indian opinion; yet he has been careful not to intervene in Tibet or to say anything which might lead to a rupture between India and China. By so doing he has avoided a disastrous foreign entanglement, while witnessing, no doubt with pleasure, the loss of popularity which the Indian Communist Party has incurred.

#### Free Trade's Wrong Number

**T**HE failure of the Free Trade Area negotiations has started a new numbers game. Think of a number, in this case seventeen. Take away the number you first thought of—six—and you will have eleven. This is the only basis for the idea of a new relationship between the failed free traders. The idea of a customs union or a free trade area of the "other Six"—that is, Britain, the three Scandinavian countries, plus Austria and Switzerland—is surely not an immediate starter. Its object is not a sudden desire on our part for free trade in cuckoo clocks or *Lederhosen*, but simply to set up a bargaining counter against the six Rome Treaty Powers. The tariff reductions made by the Six on January 1st have been extended to Britain anyhow. Quotas have not yet been increased to a point where they begin to hurt. But the prospect of the

ganging up of big business inside the Common Market is a very different thing. The proposed Eurair arrangement could limit B.E.A. to three or four airports and cut its revenue severely. What better way of striking back at this than a tie-up between B.E.A., S.A.S. and Swissair? But so far as exports go, the other Six take about £316 million a year from Britain, of which one-third goes to Sweden. This total only represents one-tenth of our total exports and its most optimistic advocates could hardly expect to boost it to the £460 million-worth of exports now going to the Six.

It looks as though the main use of a union of this hotch-potch of States would be to serve as a pressure group for speeding up the negotiations for some form of association with the Six. If it did that, an agreement between the other Six, or even the Eleven (which brings in Greece, Turkey, Portugal, Ireland, Iceland) would be worth while. As a separate organization it hardly seems worth all the trouble.

#### U.S. Capital Moves to Europe

When it became clear at the end of last year that the Free Trade Area talks had failed, there was a moment of truth when industry realized that American money would now be invested in the Six rather than in Britain. Since then there has been a tendency to say that a common market is not everything and that Americans like to deal with English-speaking traders. It is not easy to see what justification there is

for this attitude. What are the figures? In 1957, according to a study published in the journal of the *Patronat Français*, 1,899 million dollars were invested in Britain—more than in all the Six put together. Figures are not readily available for the past year, but there can be little doubt that the honeymoon period is over. A list of the American companies that have moved into the Common Market countries makes it difficult to regard the future with much optimism. Here are some examples. Firms that have established subsidiaries in Germany include: Titanium Metals Corporation, Smith Corona (office machines), Cardner Denver Co. (pressure pumps), Ronson Corporation (lighters etc.), Container Corporation of America. Belgium has received the National Lead Company, Otis Elevators, the General Ore Company, Westinghouse Electric, Caltex, United States Rubber, Capital Plastics, and many others. Newcomers in France include Goodyear Tyres, Timken Roller Bearings, Aluminium Ltd. of Canada, Chrysler Motors, Burroughs (office machines). Nearly two hundred American firms have either set up subsidiaries or bought an interest in existing firms in Holland. They include Chrysler, Goodrich and Du Pont. Italy has various oil companies including Gulf and Caltex, Pfizer (chemicals) and Parke Davies and Squibb (pharmaceuticals). Unless some association with the Common Market is brought about fairly soon it looks as though British hopes of further American investment are likely to be disappointed.

## Dossier No. 12

# ANEURIN BEVAN

HE is known as the super-demagogue, the tribune of the plebs, the man who until recently was the standard-bearer of Socialism pure and unrevised. In fact he is by taste and temperament a Whig aristocrat, having much in common with Charles James Fox, whom he greatly admires. He dislikes mass meetings, though he has made many effective speeches to large audiences: on sound radio and television—the characteristic media of the modern democratic age—he has been notably unsuccessful. His natural sphere is Parlia-

ment, where he has achieved a reputation second only to that of Churchill—another Whig aristocrat, by whom also he has been influenced and fascinated.

\* \* \*

He was born in Tredegar in the year 1897. His father was a coal-miner who begot many children and gave them romantic names: his mother, through household drudgery, lost the capacity to read and write, but she had the toughness to survive into extreme old age.

## ANEURIN BEVAN

Aneurin was a well-built child, not unduly precocious, but inclined to question what others accepted (he soon fell foul of the local chapel) and inhibited by a stutter which, by cutting him off from the ordinary banter of his contemporaries, drove him back into himself and into the habit of reading. At the elementary school to which he was sent his latent gifts passed unnoticed, and at the age of thirteen he followed his father into the mine.

As an adolescent he had to face two major challenges: he had to combine the improvement of his own mind with hard physical labour, and he had to overcome the impediment in his speech so that the ideas which were fermenting within him could find expression. In both respects he was equal to the challenge and before long he became known in his valley as a youth of independent views and fiery eloquence. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he failed to respond to the call-up and was temporarily detained. A keen student of Marx, he was more interested at this time in the class war—especially, of course in the struggle between mineworkers and mine-owners in the Welsh valleys—than in any international conflict. By 1916 he was chairman, at an unprecedentedly early age, of his own Miners' Lodge. In 1922, after a spell at the Labour College in London, he was elected to the Tredegar Urban District Council. In 1925 his father died in his arms of pneumoconiosis. The next year he witnessed the fiasco of the General Strike and drew his own conclusions. In 1928 he became a member of the Monmouthshire County Council. In 1929 he was returned to Parliament as Member for Ebbw Vale—his home constituency, which has remained loyal to him ever since and where he has already acquired the status of an historic personage and popular hero.

His maiden speech in the House of Commons was an affront to stuffy convention: instead of eschewing controversy he delivered a scorching attack on two Parliamentary giants, Winston Churchill and David Lloyd George. He was mindful, no doubt, of the latter's slogan "Go for Joe", and many years later he put the same principle into memorable words when he asked: "Why attack the monkey when the organ-grinder is there?" He has always preferred to measure himself against the top people, and has wasted no time on underlings. Forsaking the syndicalism of his youth he had come to regard Parliament as the most serviceable instrument that any revolutionary could desire. And he was conscious of the fact that Parliament, at the

time of his election, was for the first time truly democratic: "I was a member of the first British Parliament elected by all men and women over twenty-one years of age" (*In Place of Fear*, p. 9).

The record of his political activities between 1929 and 1945 is of secondary interest. His Party was a defeated rump after 1931 and he was himself then, as he has been more recently, a rebellious element within it. Needless to say, he fought bitterly against the National Government, but he fought hardly less bitterly against the official Labour leadership on the issue of intervention in the Spanish Civil War, and in 1939 he was for a short time expelled from the Party, while supporting Sir Stafford Cripps's campaign for a Popular Front. Yet it must not be thought that Bevan was a complete "outsider" during the 'thirties. The man whom Brendan Bracken described as the "Bollinger Bolshevik" did not recoil from social contact with his political opponents, and he even established with Lord Beaverbrook the sort of love-hate relationship that so many British Socialists have had with that curious individual. After sharing a London flat with Frank Owen he married Miss Jennie Lee in 1934, and five years later they acquired the first of their country retreats—a cottage in Buckinghamshire. They now have a farm near Amersham. Despite his gregarious nature Bevan clearly finds in the country a solace which the true townsman finds in his town. Like the other Welshman of genius who, in this century, has enlivened and confused British politics, he has brought to the leadership of an urban proletariat the cravings of an idyllic imagination. His wife—herself a talented politician, with a background similar to his, only Scottish—has unselfishly subordinated her career to his: though she is

### WOMAN IN THE GRASS

*Time hangs heavy as the plums  
on that twisted tree.*

*I lie alone. Grass-blades my footsteps  
bent  
look down on me.*

*The lark is a star that's quenched, the  
blackbird mute,  
the stream slow silk in a heat no life  
invades,  
yet the sun has whipped me awake and  
my pulsing blood  
defies the shades.*

LORNA WOOD.



*London Express News & Feature Service*

A GLIMPSE OF THE BEVAN'S COUNTRY HOME  
NEAR AMERSHAM

known to the public, and rightly, as Jennie Lee, M.P., she has given priority to her duty as Mrs. Bevan.

During the Second World War Bevan showed the irritability of a potential leader who is doomed to impotence. Churchill subsequently referred to him (probably with his tongue in his cheek) as a "squalid nuisance" during this period. He was having a long and brilliant innings, Bevan was sitting in the pavilion. But there is no bitterness between the two men: they are too much alike to be either colleagues or enemies. Bevan helped to keep the spirit of democratic opposition alive during the years of party truce—a service for which Churchill may well have been secretly grateful to him. In one debate, after the War, he interrupted a speech of Bevan's with the implied compliment: "Don't spoil a good speech now". And both Bevan and Jennie Lee were prominently associated with the presentation to Churchill on the occasion of his eightieth birthday.

Bevan was confident that Labour could win the Election in 1945, and his confidence was more than justified. Despite his total inexperience of Ministerial office, he was immediately offered a seat in the Cabinet with responsibility for Health and Housing. It may well have been a mistake to combine

these two tasks—either was a full-time job—but Bevan accepted them with gusto and history will accord him much credit for his work as a Minister. His housing programme had to be carried out within the rigid framework of Crippsian economic policy, and Bevan was at first over-optimistic about what he could achieve. Nevertheless he built many houses for the people who most needed them, and he maintained a decent standard of house-building, resisting the temptation to build more houses of lower quality. The National Health Service, though by no means faultless, is a monument of legislation, comparable with the Butler Education Act. To place such a measure on the Statute Book requires both determination and negotiating skill. Bevan set himself to establish a comprehensive health scheme for the whole country, based largely upon taxation; and he gave effect to his intention, winning, in the process, the grudging admiration of many who had to confront him in negotiation. He never pretended to be an expert, but his heart was in the project and the charm of his personality stood him in good stead. Colleagues who worked with him emphasize that he was not the most knowledgeable or industrious of Ministers, but that he could contribute to any meeting some idea or observation which could have come from no one else; and that he was generous to those to whom he devolved work—not seeking to deprive them of the kudos. As a Parliamentarian he was, if anything, even more formidable when speaking from the Dispatch Box than he had been during his long sojourn on the back benches.

It is reasonable to surmise that Bevan regarded himself, as he was also fairly widely regarded, as a fit successor to Attlee. Yet when Ernest Bevin resigned the Foreign Secretaryship, and when Cripps left the Treasury, neither of these two key offices was entrusted to Bevan. Moreover the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell, was a younger man, and it must have seemed to Bevan that he was being by-passed. He was, indeed, transferred to the Ministry of Labour, but this was hardly promotion. On February 15th, 1951, he wound up for the Government in support of its new rearmament programme, against a Tory motion of censure in the House of Commons. His last words were: "... we do beg that we shall not have all these jeers about the rearmament that we are putting under way. We shall carry it out; we shall fulfil our obligations to our friends and Allies, and at the same time we shall try to prevent such an exacerbation of the world



atmosphere as makes it impossible for the nations to come together in peace and harmony . . . " Two months later he was explaining to the same House of Commons his reasons for resigning in protest against that same rearmament programme. "I say . . . with the full solemnity of the seriousness of what I am saying that the £4,700 million arms programme is already dead". The precipitating cause of his resignation was ostensibly Gaitskell's announcement in his Budget of Health Service charges for teeth and spectacles, but he (Bevan) had himself earlier agreed to a charge for prescriptions. Admitting the inconsistency, he added: "That shows the danger of compromise."

In fact compromise, and the failure to stand for definite principles, has been Bevan's undoing. Whatever the underlying motives of his resignation, he had a glorious opportunity in 1951 and the years that followed. Gaitskell might have won several battles, including the battle for the party leadership, but Bevan could well have won the war, had he devoted himself to an all-out reform of the Labour Party. His own strength was in the constituency parties, but he was frustrated by the trade union block votes. Himself a victim

of the Labour Party's undemocratic constitution, he should have attacked this relentlessly: on no account should he have come to terms with the existing regime. But when Gaitskell was installed as leader, and when he saw the prospect of becoming Foreign Secretary in a future Labour Government, he repeated his 1951 performance in reverse. A few days after he had publicly called for Britain's renunciation of the hydrogen bomb, he spoke at the 1957 Conference of the Labour Party in favour of its retention. It was one of the most amazing *volte-faces* that had been seen since the British Communist Party decided to support the war effort after Germany's invasion of Russia. Gaitskell's victory was complete, and the cause of "Bevanism" was instantly stultified.

\* \* \*

Those who knew Bevan well had never taken Bevanism seriously, because they could see that it was based upon a profound misunderstanding. After his resignation Bevan needed a following, and the only following available was the so-called "Left" of the Labour Party. Bevan therefore took command of this miscellaneous army. But he is himself, in many ways, somewhat *Right* of Centre in the Labour Party. For instance, he is no



THE RIVALS

Camera Press

pacifist: he is even capable of a distinctly Palmerstonian attitude in foreign affairs (at the time of the Berlin blockade he is reputed to have urged that an armoured division be sent along the *Autobahn* to Berlin). His views on the ownership and management of industry are, to say the least, equivocal. He holds that it would be a mistake for the State to tamper with the independent schools. And incidentally he is a staunch monarchist. The revolutionary aims which Bevan cherished when he first entered Parliament have mostly been realized; and society has before now seemed more tolerable to a man who has risen in it than to one who has yet to rise. The Bevanite movement was therefore little more than a marriage of convenience.

Besides, Bevan disdains some of the necessary arts of the politician. Between the tea-room and the smoking-room of the House of Commons a gulf is fixed: denizens of the tea-room are generally those who either disapprove of more stimulating refreshment, or cannot afford it. Bevan is a smoking-room man *par excellence*, and he could never bring himself to curry favour with the tea-room

comrades by passing the time of day in their midst: he is averse to what might be described as "political slumming". Ironically, he would be more at home in White's Club (on the steps of which he was once kicked, after dining there as the guest of Sir John Slessor) than in the company of traditional Non-conformist abstainers and solid, dull, thrifty trade unionists.

He is a man of culture, though he lacks the discipline of a systematic education. In his home he has pictures of his own choice; he enjoys music; he reads voraciously and can sustain a conversation on almost any topic. As Foreign Secretary he might suffer from his inadequate knowledge of the outside world, especially the United States, and from a tendency to Blimpishness which has, oddly enough, often been compatible with a liberal disposition. But whatever his future, he is sure of a niche as one of the paragons of the vanishing art of Parliamentary discussion. His epitaph might be: "He spoke often, brilliantly—and without notes". Like Fox, he is a warm-hearted, spontaneous man: like Fox, he will leave an indelible memory.

## ARMS AND THE HERALDS

By MARK TENNANT

THE little science or art of heraldry is somewhat obscure. Its existence is known to all, but few are conversant with even its most basic rules. It has the distinction of having contributed two to the sum of popular fallacies, one being the bar sinister of the cheap historical novelist (which Conan Doyle, whose stories are peppered with heraldry containing intentional mistakes, would have regarded with the contempt of a cracksman for a pickpocket) and the other being the error of referring to a coat of arms or an entire achievement as a crest. Occasionally the daily Press find heraldry interesting, as in the case of the recent grant of arms to the Corinthian-Casuals football club, a coat whose outline similarity to the arms of the Marsham family, Earls of Romney, seems to have passed unnoticed, except possibly by the Marshams. The event moved *The Times* to one of its well-known fourth leaders. In this article I hope to lift the veil of obscurity in one particular quarter. I aim to give an outline account of the legal, executive and administrative background of heraldry in the United King-

dom, and to discover who may bear arms and why.

When England and Scotland became united as Great Britain, the separate courts and legal systems of the two kingdoms were preserved. In Scotland jurisdiction in heraldic matters was and is exercised by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, before whom disputes about such matters as the right to undifferenced\* arms or a particular name are argued as lawsuits. Appeal from his judgment lies, in certain matters only, to the Inner House of the Court of Session, and thence to the House of Lords. The differences between England and Scotland in heraldic matters cannot be too strongly emphasized, as regards both the armorial systems and national feeling and behaviour. A few points of comparison will serve to illustrate this. At the time of the Union, Scotland, with an estimated population of

\* One coat is differenced from a prototype by some addition(s) or variation(s). The number and character of these indicate the degree of proximity to the prototype. An undifferenced coat is a prototype.

## ARMS AND THE HERALDS

1,250,000, had 154 peers, or one peer to 8,000 people, four times as many per person as England. Furthermore, by taking account of the territorial baronage (unparalleled in England) clan-chiefs and lesser landed proprietors, all of whom, with their wives and heirs, bore titles, Innes of Learney, the present Lord Lyon, has calculated that at that time one in forty-five persons was either of, or else immediately related to, some such titled house. In England, where there are many families, most of them of no great size, each member is entitled to bear his paternal coat of arms, subject only to the rules of an imperfect and largely disregarded system of differencing. In Scotland, where there are few families, many of them of vast size, a coat of arms is "impartible incorporeal heritable property," and no two living persons can bear the same coat. The Scots system of differencing is consequently extremely complex and exact, and is enforced by the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the Lord Lyon. Scots law is here suited to Scots inclinations. The virtuous and well-deserving clansman, though unable to prove relationship to his chief, is able to acquire a differenced version of his chief's historic arms, and so gain admission to the Noblesse of Scotland, for a patent of arms is in Scotland a Diploma of Nobility. The result of this is an ever wider spread of honours than might be supposed, for more than half of the population of Scotland either belongs, or by obtaining arms could belong, to her Noblesse. Who can wonder that the Ministers of the Kirk, when Charles I was trying to force episcopacy upon them, answered that if there were to be bishops in Scotland, they must all be bishops? Again while there is about one inhabitant of Scotland for nine of England, there are seven Scottish for thirteen English Officers of Arms.

In England armorial matters are regulated by the Kings of Arms, Garter Principal King and Norroy and Clarenceux the provincial Kings, over whom the hereditary Earl Marshal, a Great Officer of State, exercises a controlling jurisdiction. In 1484 the Kings of Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants were incorporated by Richard III, and in 1556 they were re-incorporated by Philip and Mary. There are six Heralds, and four Pursuivants. Though now, unlike Lyon, Garter, Norroy and Clarenceux cannot make a grant of arms without reference to a higher authority, this branch of the Royal

Prerogative was originally vested solely in the Kings of Arms, so far as grants in their several provinces were concerned.

Arms are not protected in this country to the same degree as north of the Border. The Earl Marshal's Court, the Court of Chivalry, or Court Military (originally the Court of the Constable and Marshal) still exists, despite the vacancy in the office of Lord High Constable since the attainder in 1521 of the Duke of Buckingham, and despite the lapse of more than 200 years between its penultimate sitting and its last sitting in 1954. In 1954 the Corporation of Manchester brought a case in the Court of Chivalry against the Manchester Palace of Varieties, seeking to prevent the management from displaying the corporation's arms in their theatre and using the corporation's arms on their corporate seal. Lord Goddard, then Lord Chief Justice of England, sat as Surrogate to the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and in the course of his judgment drew attention to the status of armorial bearings in English law. "The right to bear arms," he said,

"is in my opinion to be regarded as a dignity and not as property within the true sense of that term . . . it is clear that a right to bear arms is not a matter cognisable by the Common Law, which seems to show that there is no property in arms in the legal sense, otherwise the Courts of law would protect them."

Yet the judgment in this case, being that of a court founded on Civil Law, went on to enjoin the defendants from use of the plaintiff's arms, though the manner of enforcing the enjoinder was not decided. Originally the Earl Marshal had his own prison, but nowadays the more likely remedy is a motion in the High Court of Justice that a defendant who refused to comply with a monition of the Court of Chivalry should be committed to prison for contempt of that Court.

Lord Goddard expressly left undecided the question whether in England the leave or licence of the grantee of a coat of arms could exculpate another who used it. In Scotland it certainly could not, for the licensee and the licensor would both be guilty of conspiracy to defraud the Revenue of the fees which it would acquire if the licensee were to take the proper course of obtaining a grant of arms to himself. The Lyon Court has a procurator Fiscal, who brings public prosecutions against usurpers of arms where necessary. In Stuart times the King's Advocate used to do the same in the Court



LORD LYON KING OF ARMS (CENTRE) AND THE SCOTTISH HERALDS

A. C. K. Ware

of Chivalry, and records survive of cases in which, at the suit of a certain Dr. Duck, King's Advocate, more than one unhappy pretender to arms was adjudged no gentleman. In modern England this function would be the Attorney-General's if it were exercised at all, but any future use of the creaking machinery of the Court of Chivalry must be regarded as problematic, and Lord Goddard recommended in the Manchester Case that if it were to sit again, it were better placed on a statutory basis, and that in any event, to prevent frivolous litigation, prospective plaintiffs should be obliged to obtain the leave of the Earl Marshal to commence a suit.

Now what are the qualifications for the bearing of arms in England? Originally practically all who held land bore arms. With the break-up of the feudal system and the rise of the merchant classes, different standards came into use. In the Letters Patent issued by Henry VIII to Clarenceux King of Arms in 1530 we find that

... the said Kyng at armes [is] to gyve to any persone or persons spirituall the whiche be preferred by grace vertue or connyng to rowmes and degrees of honor and worshipp armes accordyng to their merites And likewise to any person or persons temporall the whiche by the service doon to us or to other that be encreased or augmentid to

possessions and riches habbe to maynteyne the same So that they be not issued of vyle blood rebelles to our persone not heretiques contrary to the faith But men of good honest Reputacyon . . .

From this it appears that the main qualification in the sixteenth century was monetary, and from Garter's denial of Clarenceux's allegation that he had granted arms to unworthy persons, we find the sum of money required specified. Garter says that he has not granted arms to anyone not havynge landes and possessyons of free tenure to the yerlye value of X pounds sterlinge or in movable goods iiic. li. sterlyngs . . .

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries at least, the Kings of Arms conducted visitations county by county throughout England at intervals of from twenty to forty years. These took the form of touring inquisitions of all who claimed to be of the degree of gentleman (i.e. armiger) or above, and the extraction of fees for the registration or grant of arms. Generally there was a scale of fees for all except noblemen, but in a visitation of barbarous Lancashire in 1532 vivid marginalia give us a view of some of the difficulties which led to the ending of the visitations. Thus:

The said Sir Richard hath putt away his lady and wife and kepeth a concobyne in his house, by whom he hath divers children, and

## ARMS AND THE HERALDS



*A. C. K. Ware*

THE EARL MARSHAL, GARTER KING OF ARMS AND THE ENGLISH HERALDS AT THE TIME OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION

by the lady he hath Ley Hall; which armes he beareth quartered with his in the first quarter; he saith that Mr. Garter licensed him so to doe, and he gave Mr. Garter an angle noble, but he gave me nothing nor made me noe good chere, but gave me proude words . . .

The end of the visitations and consequent loss of fees ushered in the notorious laxity of the eighteenth century, when the heralds would oblige a generous patron with a pedigree showing descent from almost any chosen ancestor. The Gothic Revival stimulated the demand for a variety of coats, and William Beckford, for one, having chosen John of Gaunt, was enabled to trick out the great hall at Fonthill with brilliant blazons illustrating his Plantagenet descent.

In the twentieth century conditions have again changed. It is no longer necessary to possess a minimal private fortune (apart from ability to pay the fees) before receiving a grant of arms. Nor by simply paying can an aspirant to gentility acquire distinguished ancestors and quarterings. The procedure for acquiring a grant of arms is as follows. An applicant first becomes the client of an officer of arms. He may select a King, Herald or Pursuivant to write to, or he may make an enquiry at the College of Arms, when he will become the client of the duty officer. The Heralds and Pur-

suivants sit in rotation as duty officer, so that each has as his clients those who make enquiries at the College in five weeks in every year. The officer must form a view of his client's worthiness for this exercise of the Royal Prerogative. There is no absolute criterion, but questions will be asked about the applicant's own past and present activities. The sort of matters which will weigh in his favour will be any form of public service or private achievement. Thus he may be a Justice of the Peace or a member of a parochial church council, or a Master of Arts at a University, a director of a large public company or an established dentist. The officer will ask questions, too, about his father on similar lines, for gentility is not necessarily self-made, and an attempt must be made to form an idea of the applicant's standing. It is not surprising that most people who make applications for arms are found worthy of them. It is to be presumed that they have some reason for thus thinking well of themselves.

Having made out to his own satisfaction a positive case why his client should receive a grant, the officer submits it to the Kings of Arms—that is to Garter and the relevant provincial King (Norroy for residence North of the Trent, and Clarenceux for the South). If they approve the merits of both the appli-



cation and the design which the officer will have prepared, a Memorial will be drawn up in the form of a prayer to the Earl Marshal to give warrant to the Kings of Arms to grant the arms. This he normally does, just as the Queen normally accedes to the advice of her Ministers. With corporations, a comparable attempt is made to assess their standing. The grant of supporters (e.g., the lion and the unicorn supporting the Royal arms) is now restricted, (with some Scottish exceptions) to Peers, Knights of the Garter or the Thistle, and Knights Grand Cross of the Orders of Knighthood in the case of individuals; and to corporations incorporated by Royal Charter or Act of Parliament.

The fees which a grantee will pay are as follows:-

ENGLAND		
	Individuals	Corporations
Arms and crest	125 guineas	£157 10 0
Supporters	£65	£82 10 0
Supporters for life	£42 2 0	—
Badge	—	£62 10 0

SCOTLAND	
Patent of Arms with Supporters	£91
Patent of Arms without Supporters	£60
Matriculation of Arms with Supporters	£32
Matriculation of Arms without Supporters	£19

(The Scottish fees are approximate)

In England a proportion of these fees goes to the Kings of Arms and a proportion to the officer to whom the client belongs, and thus they may find themselves in a position where private interest conflicts with public and professional duty, for it is in their financial interest to take a favourable view of the merits of an application. In Scotland, where Lyon used to be paid from the profits of his office, including fines levied by him after his own judgment, he was put on a salaried basis in accordance with the recommendations of a Royal Commission of 1822, and all fees and fines now go to the Treasury. Lyon's jurisdiction is, however, both wider and more remarkable. On his orders, for instance, a number of heraldic stained-glass windows were removed from Glasgow cathedral, and again in more recent times a number of bogus County and Burgh arms were razed from the walls of the Scottish National War Memorial for the 1914-18 War.

The openness and publicity which attend the workings of the Lyon Court are not emulated in London. Garter, when asked three questions, concerning the effect of

divorce on the chances of an applicant for a grant of arms, the remuneration of the officers of arms and the yearly numbers of grants, refused to answer any of them, implying that if it was not actually an impertinence to ask, it was certainly not *de bon ton*. His reasons were that such matters are wholly private, and are not, nor ever have been, of public interest. As to the first, it is clear that the officers of arms are in a public position, being delegates of the Prerogative of the Queen, their mistress. Furthermore, details of comparable matters are freely published in England. The Queen's finances are set out yearly in the Civil List, and there is no secret about the award of other honours, from the peerage to the companionship. As to the second, it is for the public itself, and not for the subject of enquiry, to decide whether or not that enquiry is of interest to the public. Yet despite the feeling that where there is concealment there must be something to hide, it is hard to be suspicious of Garter's motives. As far as monetary matters are concerned, it seems that the officers of arms could only gain by being placed on a salaried basis. My information is that after a herald has been in practice for about ten years, his fees will not ordinarily amount to more than £800 a year untaxed, though—as in the case of doctors, barristers and other professional people—there is a variety of experience. Nevertheless the officers of arms as a whole earn their living by regulating one jet of the fountain of honour. In this they differ from, say, the Prime Minister, who regulates another jet for nothing. In the circumstances it is regrettable that they should be reticent about the profits made thereby. On the subject of statistics (in the absence of any official figures) my information is that while the total number of grants of arms has remained fairly constant over the last half-century, since the last war the yearly number of grants made to corporations has increased and the number made to individuals has decreased.

This is not the sort of article through which one can hope to make converts to the intriguing subject of heraldry, and so I shall be content if only a few change from feelings of hostility to the view of the Marquess of Halifax, the great Trimmer, who wrote nearly three hundred years ago that "Heraldry is one of those foolish things which may yet be too much despised."

MARK TENNANT.

# ADENAUER FOR PRESIDENT

By REGINALD PECK

**L**EADERSHIP is in short enough supply in the Western world without anyone making it shorter. Yet that is exactly what Dr. Adenauer would have done if he had succeeded in his plan to make Economics Minister Professor Ludwig Erhard Federal President. Admittedly, the Chancellor and his Christian Democrat Party had been placed by the Socialist Opposition in an awkward dilemma. This otherwise pedestrian party (the Social Democrats) happened by some strange quirk to possess the most brilliant political personality in the country.

He is the greatest wit in public life, the finest orator, the profoundest political theorist; he is that wholly likeable and sympathetic Professor of History, Carlo Schmid. The Socialist nomination of Schmid was somehow unexpected though it need not have been and it shook the Christian Democrats badly as they allowed everyone to see. Schmid enjoys a popularity far beyond his own party and well into the ranks of those millions who may prefer Adenauer for Chancellor but are not so party-minded as to reject Schmid for President merely because he belongs to the Opposition. By any non-party standards Schmid would make the best possible successor to the retiring "Papa" Theodor Heuss and a good successor is undoubtedly needed, even if the functions of the President are nominally "only decorative". As a genuine liberal of the old school Heuss has served his country magnificently during his two terms of office. No-one could have done so well at a time when, after the Nazis and the War, Germany desperately needed personalities capable of giving her at least some kind of "face" again *vis-à-vis* the outside world. The State visit to London may not have been a great success, but under anyone but Heuss it might well have been a ghastly failure.

Schmid has particular qualifications for the office of President now that the new Franco-German *entente* is becoming something of a reality. Being half French (hence the "Carlo"; his French mother disliked the correct German form "Karl" and

corrupted it) and speaking the French language perfectly, he might be able to get on even with General de Gaulle. But what use the perfection of his remaining qualifications when by political persuasion he is opposed to "the Old Man"? The Christian Democrats' nominee was likely to be their floor-leader Heinrich Krone, but Krone hastily withdrew when Schmid's name was announced. It was no fault of poor Krone that his party had lacked foresight and had not bothered to look for a really big name. Efficient in his job but unknown outside the Bundestag, it would have been humiliating for him to win against the scintillating Schmid by weight of the Christian Democrats' big battalions alone. Surprised at their own sudden and quite unexpected success (for indeed they have long ceased to expect success) the Socialists were cock-a-hoop and the whole country, including rank-and-file Christian Democrats, were openly laughing. Adenauer rarely makes mistakes in party management but this time he made a bad one. He chose Erhard for President and allowed his choice to become known before Erhard had even finally accepted.

The reaction was immediate and exciting. Sackloads of letters began arriving at Erhard's door. They came from all sections of the public and they urged the man to whom the writers believed they owed their radio and their "fridge"—many of them also their "telly" and their Volkswagen — to remain at his post of Economics Minister, to refuse to be "kicked upstairs." Such a spontaneous demonstration of public feeling would be rare in any country and was certainly very unusual in Germany. It revealed that Erhard enjoyed not merely greater popularity than had been suspected but that he was held in genuine affection. He was moved, but even so did not withdraw his name until the Christian Democrat back-benchers in the Bundestag had made their wrath known. These normally docile men rebelled for almost the first time against Adenauer and the leading party men who had picked an Erhard. They agreed that a candidate to match Schmid was desirable,



DR. CARLO SCHMID

*Camera Press*

but Erhard was needed for more important tasks than the Presidency.

So the problem remained unsolved and the gap unfilled. In the new circumstances created by the Erhard muddle it was decided by the top Christian Democrats to forget such names as that of Uwe Hassel, Chief Minister of Schleswig-Holstein, and others once mentioned for the Presidency, and to wipe the slate temporarily clean. They would go into conclave at a later date, they announced, but make no statement about any new name until its owner had formally accepted what by now had become a somewhat doubtful honour.

It was only at this stage that the full story of the crisis in German leadership began to emerge. If Erhard had become President he would no longer have been available for the succession to Adenauer as Chancellor. Those who opposed his nomination for the Presidency, including the Christian Democrat back-benchers, were well aware of this, though most of them refrained from saying so. They reckoned the arguments for keeping Erhard where he was were strong enough without that, and did not want to try "the Old Man" too far. They knew very well that Adenauer was opposed to "crown

princes" in general and to Erhard in particular.

There was also the confessional aspect of the problem. It is a convention of the German Constitution that when the President is a Roman Catholic the Chancellor shall be Protestant, and vice versa. So if Protestant Erhard became President, Protestant Gerstenmaier could not possibly become Chancellor. Eugen Gerstenmaier is President (Speaker) of the Bundestag and an ambitious man. He fancies himself as the next Chancellor, but since he is a leading Protestant he must see to it that the successor to Theodor Heuss is a Roman Catholic. It so happens that Schmid is a Catholic. So the public was treated to extracts from a letter from Catholic Chancellor Adenauer charging his fellow Christian Democrat—but Protestant—Gerstenmaier with the heresy of backing the Socialist—but Catholic—Schmid for President.

Just to confound the speculators and confuse the prophets, Dr. Adenauer has sprung the biggest of all possible surprises in the Presidency problem by himself accepting the Christian Democrat nomination. Short supply indeed of German leaders if after more than thrice refusing the crown the "Old Man" can find no better solution than to accept it after all. His action calls for an explanation that is not easily supplied.

Part of it is almost certainly connected with his pathological dislike of the Socialists. He is so determined to have his party put up a man as big as Schmid that—Erhard having failed him—he is prepared to sacrifice even himself. A compliment of remarkable dimensions for Schmid, though there must surely be more to it than that. Another part of the explanation is probably pressure from his own party. For all their past discreetness on the subject of his age many of them have long been thinking that the time is coming when . . . the thought was never quite uttered. But with tough Summit talks ahead that may decide the fate of Germany and more besides for generations, they may have thought that the time had arrived for them to overcome their qualms and insist that a man of eighty-three should step down. Thirdly, Adenauer himself, for all his outward buoyancy, may well have been thinking along the same lines.

All in all it now looks very much indeed like Adenauer for President by September

## DOORS TO PEACE

and Erhard for Chancellor. So far, so good; but a sobering thought is that the change-over period will last until the autumn. By then the East-West Foreign

Minister talks will have taken place—and possibly the Summit talks too. Germany in a lame-duck session at such a time could be a disaster to us all.

REGINALD PECK.

# DOORS TO PEACE

By DENYS SMITH

IT was a little hard to tell which of the ornate red and gold swing doors led to the local Gettysburg cinema and which to the adjacent gymnasium serving as temporary Press headquarters during the Macmillan-Eisenhower Camp David talks. Those talks seem a long way off now but form the logical starting-point for any discussion of the May 11 Geneva Foreign Ministers' conference.

By entering the door to the left you could watch Joan Collins in a technicolour production called *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*. By entering a similar door to the right you found yourself amid a hundred assorted correspondents, American, British, French and others, engaged in a black-and-white production which might equally have been called *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*.

There is an old and cynical axiom still quoted in newspaper offices that the great reading public is only interested in sex and conflict. There has been no sex in summit conferences since Solomon met the Queen of Sheba. So all that was left was to treat nuances of opinion as deep divisions and present the Camp David discussions in terms of Anglo-American rivalry.

The highlight of the film is when Indians and Pilgrims, instead of getting together in a wonderful display of harmony as the script of a pageant required, engaged in a spirited free-for-all. The two pageant promoters watched the rumble with much the same impotent dismay as Messrs. Hope and Hagerthy, the Camp David briefing officers, watched their own "extras" depart from the anticipated script. In both cases there was the haunting suspicion that they might be partly responsible for the unfortunate result.

People began to talk about "the second battle of Gettysburg", though whether Macmillan was Meade and Eisenhower Lee, or *vice versa*, varied according to the writer. Eisenhower found these reports of

disagreement "odd". He told a Press Conference that his aides had read him extracts from one paper which said in effect "that Macmillan had put one on my jaw and another paper said I hit him over the head with a (base)ball bat or something."

The President evidently did not understand the essence of the game of "conferencemanship". As developed by the free world press, it is to see who can present the most points of Allied disagreement. It has a vocabulary all its own which may at times confuse the uninitiated. In everyday life, for example, you have an "engagement". This is a state which exists before two parties are happily united in matrimony. In East-West diplomacy you have a "disengagement". After a suitable disengagement period the hope is that the two parties will join together in happy and permanent harmony. Other useful words and phrases are: "Firmness"; you insist upon something. "Rigidity"; the other fellow does. "Flexibility"; ready to give up something. "Appeasement"; someone else's flexibility. "Realistic proposal"; something Russia rejected long enough ago for the fact to have been forgotten. "Unrealistic proposal"; something sufficiently reasonable to create a strong probability of Russian rejection. "Lack of constructive leadership"; failure to adopt your views. The list could easily be expanded, but that is enough to give the general idea.

The game was played even more vigorously at conferences which followed Camp David. In fact, when May 11 comes around, it would not be surprising to learn that the Western Allies had set off on their voyage still engaged in knocking their boat together. Their theme song no doubt will be "Row, brothers, row . . . the rapids are near." One can only hope they pronounce the operative word correctly. But of course they all agree on fundamental principles—such as that the boat should float.

The British and Americans, the French and West Germans, do not tell the public relations officers to go ahead and stir up a little discord. Occasionally in an excess of national fervour the P.R.O.s do appear to be whispering into any receptive ear, "Everyone is out of step but John." It usually happens, however, in more devious ways. Suppose, to take a mythical example, the P.R.O.s wish to emphasize agreement on the principle: "We will stand firm while always ready to negotiate." The American reporters show more interest in standing firm and ask questions about it. The replies are not very new or illuminating but there is nothing else to write about, so the American newspapers are filled with accounts of "firmness." The British reporters show more interest in negotiation and ask more questions about it. The answers again are neither new nor illuminating, but there is nothing else to write about. The next day alarming deductions are drawn from the fact that the American Press is filled with talk of standing firm and the British with talk of negotiation. There must be a serious rift between the two sides.

It all shows the hybrid animal, a "publicized-private" discussion, is difficult to domesticate and put to useful work. No doubt the public has a right to know what goes on but the effort to keep the public informed often keeps it misinformed. Woodrow Wilson's dictum of "open covenants openly arrived at" did not mean public disclosure of the processes of decision-making. He had his own telephone wires at Versailles specially insulated to guard against this.

In the days when less reliance was placed on personal diplomacy and more on what is still termed "normal" diplomatic negotiation the public did not have the same itch to know what was going on. No reporter ever struck a moral attitude because he was not allowed to peep into the diplomatic pouch. But unless he gets at least a keyhole view of what goes on behind closed doors when national leaders meet, the great democratic principle of freedom of information is being abused. So something has to be disclosed. It may be obvious, or trivial to the point of being silly. But some matters dragged into public view are not only silly but dangerous. Quite a controversy was reported over the need to develop "secondary positions" on which to fall back during negotiations with the Russians. Even

the Mad Hatter's label (as Tenniel shows) read simply: "In this style 10/6." It did not read: "Price 10/6. But if you show sales resistance the price is half a crown." The inevitable result of a disclosed "secondary position" would be to make that the starting-point for further concessions. The bargaining would start at half a crown and an offer be made of one shilling.

The experience of recent months also shows another weakness of too much reliance on personal diplomacy. It became clear that personal contacts can usefully supplement but cannot completely displace the old diplomatic procedures. It is a little like the situation at sea. Ships go tearing through the fog relying implicitly on modern mechanical safety devices and neglecting old-fashioned methods such as reducing speed and keeping a close lookout. The risk of collision is thus increased. When governments communicated with each other in the old-fashioned way through a diplomatic network the process was slow and unspectacular but it was thorough and safe. No government could be caught by surprise at finding that there were divergencies between its own thinking and that of some friendly government. The affability inevitably shown a transient guest can on the other hand easily give a misleading impression.

But let us end on a cheerful note. One really brilliant suggestion has come out of the pre-Geneva talks. Since the Russians want a summit conference they are unlikely to do anything sufficiently drastic during the pre-summit period to make one impossible. If you could have summit conferences sufficiently close together you would be in a perpetual state of pre-summit preparation during which the Russians would do nothing too drastic. In the United States where there are national elections every two years, each pre-election period starts shortly after the previous one has ended. To be absolutely on the safe side a summit conference every six months should do the trick and assure the unbroken continuity of the pre-summit atmosphere. The summit conference itself might not accomplish much. But that is the whole point. The less it accomplishes the more need for another summit conference. So maybe the door to peace is a revolving door which perpetually lands you back at the place you started from.

DENYS SMITH.





**S**TUDENTS OF LITERATURE should read the Bulletins of the Inland Waterways Association. So far fifty-seven have appeared in thirteen years. Entertaining, intelligent and exceedingly well written, they recount, about once a quarter, what is being done to promote our canal system as a national asset; what is being done to destroy it; and what the World and the Press say about it. For this reason alone they are worth reading. But they also represent a modern and quite unstudied return to that noblest of all literary forms, the epic or saga. The central theme is the struggle of Mr. Aickman to rescue the ravished waterways of England from the bestial clutch of the British Transport Commission. As in all epics, there are digressions, and minor characters who come and go; but Mr. Aickman remains, a cross between Odysseus and Mrs. Pankhurst, tenacious, unsquashable and vocal, a figure of heroic stamp. Meanwhile his heroine, the canal system, still languishes—thirteen years older (and minus a limb or two) but more beautiful and more desirable than ever, still kept locked up and neglected by the Giant B.T.C. who is just as rough, uncivilized and prevaricating as he was at the beginning. *Can he save her?* Well, read Bulletin 58.

**T**HE OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE of politicians is vanity. They are always exercising, defending, extending and, worst of all, discussing their own privileges, and generally cavorting about in front of their own mirrors. Government is a complicated business: more money is yearly spent on it—but we still have to do it on twenty-four hours a day (or less, when some Member draws attention to himself by having the House counted out). There is always Question Time, that worst advertisement for democracy, when by tradition they can unchain their libidos: at other times these ordinary men should get on with the job.

**T**WENTY SONNETS ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL is the name of an exceedingly rare book by Frederick W. P. Swinborne. A sonnet is a tiresome thing to have to write, and most poets have needed some positive enthusiasm to carry them through: but these sonnets inveigh against the Tunnel, and as such they constitute a formidable literary achievement. Most of Mr. Swinborne's reasons are a bit off-net—he pictures spike-helmeted Prussians debouching unexpectedly and seizing London; but he is right about aeroplanes soon making a railway tunnel unnecessary. A road tunnel on the other hand, though far harder to build, would have an ever-increasing value, and far more of a psychological impact.

**W**ILLIAM MORRIS'S KELMSCOTT, on the peaceful Upper Thames, is, after all, to have its radio transmitter, with two sixty-foot masts, aerials, supports, access roads, bridges, and electricity supply lines. A Ministry inspector decided "it would not seriously affect the character and atmosphere of Kelmescott" after Oxford University, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and various other bodies had all decided that it would. As usual, "to preserve its rural character" the site is to be screened with trees (sixty feet high?) and *shrubs* (least rural of all growing things); and the concrete is to be covered—presumably with pieces of bark nailed on. The Inspector pointed out that Kelmescott manor house was only just visible *from the site*—a novel and interesting point of view, since most people were fussing lest the masts be visible *from the house*.

There are three lessons here:—

1. Inspectors should not contradict experts. By all means ride over their opinions, but do not rub it in by telling Oxford University and the C.P.R.E. that they are wrong.
2. For heaven's sake let the countryside be genuine, and not made up of camouflage.
3. There should, in cases like this, always be an agreement to remove the installation when it is no longer *used* (to say "required" is not enough, as experience as shown): this transmitter will be out of date before that screen of trees is halfway up the masts.

AXMINSTER

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE TRUTH ABOUT FARM SUBSIDIES

*From The Earl of Plymouth*

Sir,—The article in your April issue, which claims so boldly to be the truth about agricultural subsidies, is reasonably accurate in its facts, which do not however go far enough and only touch on what is necessary to get at the real point; consequently its conclusions are quite false.

The basic truth is that every other country without important exception supports or subsidizes its agriculture in one way or another. More often than not they do this to a greater extent than we do, because they have much larger and, therefore, more politically important proportions of their population living on the land. All other countries tend to have self-sufficient agricultures, closed to imports by tariffs and/or quotas; they naturally budget for surpluses because of the risk of low production in a bad season; these surpluses invariably find their way into our market, which is the only important open market in the world, at prices well below the costs of production. Furthermore, the total of farm subsidies is no more than the equivalent of tariff protection given to many important industries in this country, whose products are thereby made more expensive to farmers.

Subsidies in the form of cash payments are greater in this country than most, because we are unique in running a cheap food policy. A more profitable line for you to investigate would be whether the Government's cheap food policy was in the long-term interests of the country, or for vote catching. It was the main reason why we were unable to adapt our trading policies sufficiently to those of other European countries, and consequently led to the breakdown of the F.T.A. talks. Also it is damaging the interests of the Commonwealth, especially those of Australia and New Zealand; and is forcing them to turn more to the U.S. and Japan for their trade. A cheap food policy in present circumstances is probably as outdated as gunboat diplomacy.

PLYMOUTH.

*Oakly Park,  
Ludlow.*

## EGYPT REVISITED

*From Mrs. W. J. Sherriff*

Sir,—Nadine Gordimer might be interested to know that under the old regime, before World War II, special trains took parties of school children from the provinces to Cairo to visit museums and other places of historic interest. The museums then were clean and tidy, and the exhibits labelled and well preserved. The old regime had learnt from the "foreigner" how to run their country, and custodians of Museums prided themselves on maintaining a civilized Western standard.

Nadine Gordimer says she was thrilled to see the Egyptian workmen swarming happily over the hydro-electric power station at Aswan. She could have had a similar thrill had she been in Egypt twenty or thirty years earlier and watched with me the building of new bridges across the Nile and roads across the desert.

But then, as now, the main thought, perhaps the only thought, in the minds of the Egyptian workmen was of the piastres they would earn for the day's work.

W. JOYCE SHERRIFF

*8 Lansdown Place West,  
Bath.*

## PARKING METERS

*From Mr. Edward Hain*

Sir, — Is it not rather childish of the authorities to forbid parking at a meter when the latter is temporarily out of order?

Surely our capital city exists for the benefit of its citizens and not to gratify the petty whims of its administrative employees.

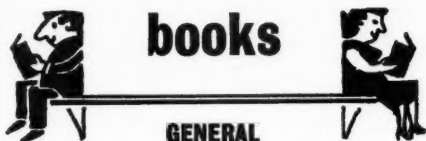
If those responsible for maintaining the meters in working order fail to do so, then the motoring citizen should have the benefit of free parking in the authorized space until the machine is again put in order. The official on the beat can still check that the two-hour limit is not exceeded by any one car.

Let us hope that the citizens of London will have the gumption to ignore this contemptibly stingy policy of "No sixpence for the L.C.C., no parking space for the motorist," whose legal validity must at least be questionable.

EDWARD HAIN

*6 Cadogan Gardens,  
London, S.W.3.*

## THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST



### THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

POETRY AND MORALITY: Studies in the Criticism of Matthew Arnold, T. S. Eliot and F. R. Leavis. By Vincent Buckley. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

THE attitude of the common reader towards the ideological squabbles of literary critics is a bit like that of the British public towards French politics. Why all the fuss?—he feels. Surely literature, like the Queen's government, can be carried on without all this absurd feuding over principles? It is easy to sympathize with him, but he does leave out of account the fact that just as French greatness is inseparable from convictions about abstract principles, so literature ultimately depends for its greatness on what we consider right and wrong in life. Literature makes discoveries about life in the same way that we make them for ourselves, and the greater the literature the more comprehensive and profound those discoveries will be. We can call them *moral* discoveries if we wish, but there is really no need to do so; and the word introduces an immediate confusion and falsification, because it is assumed that there must be some kind of contrast or mystic relation between literature and morals. "Poetry and Morality" is a phrase that has the portentous and meaningful air of "Crime and Punishment", "War and Peace", or "Sons and Lovers": it implies a significant tension. But it is really no more significant than "Poetry and Gravity" would be, or "Poetry and the weather"—poetry and morals are just two co-existing and mutually inseparable aspects of life, and one's only objection to this otherwise interesting and illuminating book is that its title suggests a conflict which has no natural existence, though it is all too easy to create and perpetuate an artificial one.

Matthew Arnold, the father-figure of Mr. Buckley's august trio, was a great coiner of these pieces of artificial meaningfulness. "Poetry", he once said, "is a criticism of life", and he repeats the phrase on several occasions with a tremendously admonitory

air. It is as if he were giving us an urgent warning not to forget that fish live in water, or that bananas are yellow. But we must not be too disrespectful about this great truism because—like most truisms—it really is something that we require reminding of from time to time. Certain critics and poets, like Villiers de L'Isle Adam, really do suggest that poetry and life have nothing in common, that fish—as it were—can live on dry land. "*Vivre?—nos valets le feront pour nous!*" "*La vie est bête*", observed Flaubert, turning away to art. But the danger is that when Arnold has recalled us to the facts we may go on repeating his statement with a kind of mystical gravity, as if it had some other significance than its wholesome obviousness. Life itself then begins to take on a special, recondite, partisan interpretation, and we find Dr Leavis, a century later, pronouncing as follows:

Lawrence stood for life, and shows . . . an extraordinarily quick and sure sense for the difference between what makes for life and that which makes against it.

It is clear that "life" has here some quite different sense to the general one of what happens to us all between birth and death. Life now means *how one should live*, and the "criticism" idea of Arnold has been carried a stage further, so that it is now life itself which literature (here represented by Lawrence) should detect and distinguish from some other condition, presumably death—a living death, so to say. "Are you on the *side of life*?" is a query that now carries in critical circles an accusation as minatory as the old evangelical "Are you saved?"

In practice, of course, every critic of literature is also a critic of life—one cannot open one's mouth about Milton's prosody without implying at least something of one's views on the universe in general—and the more intelligent one's literary criticism the more worth hearing are one's views on living. The contrast which Mr Buckley implies between the moral and the literary critic of literature has again no real existence. What does very much exist, however, is the difference between what might be called the moral and the worldly critic. The first lot, whom Mr Buckley's trio well represents, are constructive ideologists who have very definite ideas on how we ought to live and what our society should be like, and who send to the top of the class the kind of literature which in some sense encourages

and ministers to their idea of society. T. S. Eliot, for example, has an idea of a Christian society which finds a splendid inspiration in Dante and none at all in Milton; if, on the other hand, the boss of the ETU were a literary critic (which he may be for all I know), he might well find in Milton an admirable pattern for that distinctively English and nonconformist ideal of liberty as the rule of the saints. The worldly critic is not concerned with a vision of society except in detail; he takes human beings and their institutions as he finds them, and he is more concerned with the kind of writer who *knows* about life than those who have a vision about it. Moreover, as the term "worldly" conveniently implies, such critics have a deep sense of the *variety* of life and literature, and the fact that in some moods we require one kind of world and one kind of truth and in some moods we require another. But critics like Hazlitt, Bagehot, and Desmond Macarthy (to pick at random a rival team to Mr Buckley's), are as much concerned with the relation of literature to morality and life as are the "moral" critics: it is just that they take it much more for granted, and are for that very reason—one cannot help feeling—often more sensible, more practical and more knowledgeable than the moralists. But, to end on a worldly note, it is obviously agreeable to have both kinds. Their functions and their insights are complementary, like those of Milton and Shakespeare. And we may often find it more illuminating and instructive to disagree with a moral critic than to agree with a worldly one.

JOHN BAYLEY

#### YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. By Robert Rhodes James. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*. 36s.

**F**EW politicians have been so well served by their biographers as Lord Randolph Churchill. Sir Winston's Life of his father was described by the late Lord Rosebery—himself the author of one of the most moving and beautifully written essays of the century on the same theme—as among the first dozen, perhaps the first half-dozen, biographies in our language.

To these two works Mr. James has now added a third. None would expect it to match its predecessors in style. But even allowing generously for this initial handicap,



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN 1893

the present volume is unlikely to be savoured as literature. Clichés punctuate almost every page. Here there are "redoubtable opponents," there "gloomy forebodings." Sir Winston should have been spared a description of his father's Life as "a literary gem of the purest water." And for Mr. James events do not begin and end; they commence and terminate.

It is as a chapter of political history that this scholarly and extraordinarily accurate book must be judged. In nearly 400 pages the only errors I could detect were trivialities—such as that Lady Randolph had received "the Star of India" instead of the Order of the Crown of India.

Lord Randolph's rise, equalled only by that of the Younger Pitt, brought him into the Government as Secretary for India at the age of thirty-six. A year later he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House. His fall was swift and tragic. After a few months of brilliant administration he resigned in a fit of petulance over the Service Estimates. "The chief mourner at his own protracted funeral," to borrow Lord Rosebery's haunting phrase, he died in 1895 when only forty-five.

Mr. James has compiled a valuable record of these years. To the extensive printed sources which have become available since Sir Winston's book was published in 1906 he has added letters and papers from private archives, including those of the Churchill

family. Nothing more, it may safely be said, need be written on Lord Randolph as a politician.

Perhaps there is yet room for one more biographical volume on Lord Randolph, and that of no great size. With the painful subject of ill-health Mr. James has naturally written only in the most discreet terms. The incurable form of paralysis which affected Churchill's brain, writes his biographer, was not noticed by the outside world until his speech on the second Home Rule Bill in February, 1893.

Might the disease not have been contracted twenty years before? Might it not have been responsible for both the triumphs of dazzling oratory and the sullen brooding silences which followed them? Might it not also explain the rudeness and the indiscretions and the almost inexplicable loss of judgment at decisive moments?

To such questions a doctor alone could give authoritative answers, even though handicapped by a paucity of written medical records. It might prove a sobering pursuit, but should not be rejected as either impracticable or fantastic. There are other instances in English political history of power being retained by men whose brains and nervous systems had been corroded by illness.

KENNETH ROSE.

#### HAVING IT BOTH WAYS ?

ANGLICAN ATTITUDES. By A. O. J. Cockshut. *Collins*. 16s.

**T**HESES on aspects of Victorian religion proliferate in our older universities, the power-point being Newman's reconciliation with the Roman Church, its causes and effects. Mr. Cockshut's book scoops most of the pith; he presents us, in an unthesismanlike manner—excellent style, no footnotes, no padding, no bibliography, but every evidence of wide reading and much inward digestion—with accounts of three controversies through which one can discern the eternal, necessary, built-in irreconcilables in the Church of England: its Protestant-Catholic tight-rope, its secular-clerical see-saw, its perpetual tension between Bible and tradition, Articles and Creeds.

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## DENT



analysed the matter succinctly; Lutheranism, he said, was a corrective made into the norm, an attack on clerical corruption and irresponsibility in one generation which becomes a fossilized anomaly when perpetuated by the innate conservatism of the laity. "In the end," he adds, "the corrective produces the exact opposite of what was originally intended". In England this realization was expressed, by Pusey, in a positive conviction that the Church of his country was not born fully grown in the mind of Henry VIII but has indelible links with the world-wide pre-Reformation Catholic Church. It was fortuitous, however, that the Oxford Movement he started coincided with the arrival from Germany of scientific criticism of the Bible and the widespread identification of Christian virtue with Victorian morals. Hence the questioning of the Church as to its nature (made for God by man or by God for man?); hence the Gorham and Colenso cases; hence the ructions over *Essays and Reviews*.

Mr. Cockshut sheds light on all these matters, not from the evidence that he has unearthed but from his discerning of the presuppositions behind the arguments and his sympathetic understanding of the motives of the principal characters. The Gorham case was significant not because it was won by a Calvinist doctrine of baptismal regeneration, but because in it the State superseded the verdict of the Church; the court case brought on by the publication of *Essays and Reviews* showed to the world that there was no authority generally accepted by the Church for its own doctrines; and how, as many inside it as well as out demanded, can a church which acknowledges no authority, claim to be a church at all? *Semper eadem*, Mr. Cockshut observes when the Gorham case showed Roman Catholics what they had always believed about the Church of England, that it was Erastian in its constitution: they still believe it to be, on the same evidence and with the same confidence. Only comparatively recently is virtue being made from necessity with the Anglican claim that as part of the pre-Schism Church, with no single item of doctrine exclusively its own, and with the expectation in God's time of being lost in a wider confederation of non-Roman catholic churches, it is indeed a part of the Body of Christ.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

# AWAY FROM THE WILLOWS

- KENNETH GRAHAME. By Peter Green. *John Murray*. 30s.  
POETS IN THEIR LETTERS. By Cecil S. Emden. *O.U.P.* 21s.  
ANNE BRONTË, HER LIFE AND WORK. By Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford. *Methuen*. 25s.  
ETHEL SMYTH. By Christopher St. John. *Longmans*. 30s.  
TO SIR, WITH LOVE. By E. R. Braithwaite. *Bodley Head*. 13s. 6d.  
THAT REMINDS ME. By Lord Russell of Liverpool. *Cassell*. 25s.  
KATHERINE MANSFIELD. By John Middleton Murry. *Constable*. 20s.  
THE ANCIENT MARINERS. By Lionel Casson. *Victor Gollancz*. 21s.  
NAUTILUS 90 NORTH. By Cmdr. William R. Anderson, U.S.N. with Clay Blair, Jr. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 15s.  
CONTRABAND CARGOES. By Neville Williams. *Longmans*. 25s.  
THE ONLY ENEMY. By Brigadier Sir John Smyth V.C. *Hutchinson*. 30s.  
POEMS. By Rex Taylor. *Hutchinson*. 15s.

THE skill and ability of Mr. Peter Green both as novelist, classicist and critic are well known, but it was something of a surprise when he appeared as the biographer of *Kenneth Grahame*, who wrote at least three books of great merit and one which shows every sign of becoming a classic. It is stated on the authority of the publisher that *The Wind In The Willows* sells 80,000 copies a year. *Pagan Papers*, which appeared in the '90s is a delightful collection of mannered essays. *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* continue to have great popularity. Very little has been written about their author and I remember Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch asking me if I had met Grahame, whom he greatly liked, and describing with a chuckle Grahame's unexpected courtship, which took place mostly at Fowey, where the newly married Grahames returned to the congenial company of 'Q' and his wife. Mrs. Grahame never hit it off with 'Q'. It might be added that she never really hit it off with her husband, the kind of perennial bachelor, who, if circumstances had been favourable, would have been extremely happy as a bachelor Oxford don.

Educated at St. Edward's school, Kenneth Grahame had always wished to go to Oxford as an undergraduate, but the ukase of a dour Scottish uncle condemned him to a

lifetime of employment at the Bank of England, where he finally achieved the post of Secretary.

Mr. Green is a biographer in the most modern manner. Analysis and psychoanalysis are coupled freely, and it seems at times that they are going to be overdone, but Mr. Green's scholarship and flair for criticism keep him on an even keel and the result is probably the best literary biography of the year. The book has remarkably good photographic illustrations.

Mr. Green has perhaps taken his psycho-analytical methods too far when he writes about the death of Alistair, the Grahame's only child, who was killed on the railway line at Oxford. Mr. Green says that there was considerable evidence which suggested that a verdict of suicide might have been nearer the truth if it had been returned. I was an undergraduate at the time and knew some of Alistair's friends, and I can say that the possibility of suicide was never mentioned to me by any of them. This is only a small matter perhaps, but it does indicate that Mr. Green is at times inclined to follow his lines of research into dangerous and sometimes not very secure territory. This does not detract very greatly from the merit of what is one of the best written and carefully planned literary biographies of recent times.

Some time ago, Mr. Cecil Emden wrote a neat biographical study of *Gilbert White In His Village*. I still remember with pleasure the illustrations of Lynton Lamb, who has also decorated Mr. Emden's new book, *Poets In Their Letters*. Mr. Emden has noted and read with appreciation the additions to the credited correspondence of poets which have already appeared in recent years. His new book deals with the correspondence of nine poets—Pope, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald, Gray, Keats, Cowper are four of the best letter writers in the language and Byron at his best is not far behind them. It is not however to the letters, but to the characters as seen through the letters that Mr. Emden has devoted his book, which should appeal to the student and the general reader because it is friendly and shows the author's interest in people rather than in poems.

From the sensibility of Gray to the idiosyncrasies of Fitzgerald, Mr. Emden's book can be recommended without reserve.

Nobody would question the sensibility of Anne Brontë, the subject of a biography by

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## NELSON

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'Can hardly fail to provoke much thought upon the continuity of Russian history' SIR CHARLES PETRIE, *Illus. Lond. News*. 'A most moving and human study . . . quite absorbing' THE SCOTSMAN 21s.



Hutchinson

Ada Harrison, who died before the book was finished, and Derek Stanford who criticizes the verse and fiction. Miss Harrison's narrative tells a familiar story from a new angle and she is not at all afraid of making use of the writings of Mrs. Gaskell and other eye-witnesses' observations.

Anne Brontë has been under-rated as a novelist and it is right that her work should be revalued. I am not convinced that Mr. Stanford was the man to undertake the work, because he uses too heavy guns to bombard the sources of his critical appraisal. In spite of this *Anne Brontë* is a useful contribution to the apparently endless Haworth saga.

Ethel Smyth, in the opinion of Edward Sackville-West, was, by any standard, among the greatest women this country has produced. I am inclined to agree, but my acquaintance with her was only slight. I remember her coming into the publishing office where I worked and reducing a roomful of people to obsequious silence. She was deaf, she had a grave, lean face. She spoke her mind. She was naturally uninhibited and it has always seemed to me that charming though some of her music is, especially "The Bosun's Mate", she did the fullest justice to her many sided personality in her writings. Her biographer, Christopher St. John, is worthy of her. She does justice to Ethel Smyth's astonishing fidelity, her passionate friendships and feuds. She recollects the famous toothbrush with which Dr. Smyth conducted fellow prisoners in jail at the time of the suffragette riots, her love of honesty, and of music. *Ethel Smyth* was bound to be the subject of a biography, which could not have been bad whoever had written it, fortunately Christopher St. John is a considerable writer who does justice to a remarkable woman, and in order that nothing may be omitted, has arranged for useful contributions to be made to the book by Miss Victoria Sackville-West and Mrs. Dale.

It is not certain how much fiction has crept into Mr. Braithwaite's charming book *To Sir, With Love*. Mr. Braithwaite comes from British Guiana. He served in the R.A.F., but he was unable, because he was a Negro, to get any post for which his educational qualifications suited him, until he tried teaching. He was sent to an unusual school in a London area. There was no corporal punishment and the school was run on non-authoritarian lines. It had the inestimable blessing of a first-class headmaster.

Mr. Braithwaite must be an exceptional

man whose interest in children and patience are unending. At this school he was given the difficult job of taking the top form, which had been previously regarded as wild and unteachable. They were almost adults and they were utterly without knowledge of what manhood meant. When this form left they presented Mr. Braithwaite with a large parcel inscribed with the title of this book. Anybody at all who is interested in the processes of school education today should find time to read this book.

Lord Russell of Liverpool has plenty to say in his book *That Reminds Me*, including the story of his resignation after the attempt to suppress his first book, *The Scourge of the Swastika*, and the reasons for his break with the Liberal Party over Suez. He also deals with the pre-War relations with Nazi Germany, the inevitable consequences of Apartheid and the British share of responsibility for the present unhappy situation in the Middle East.

Lord Russell writes directly, sometimes even in a slapdash style, but it is agreeable to read the recollections of a man who has something to say, knows what he wants to do and very often succeeds in doing it.

John Murry wrote so much about himself and his wife, Katherine Mansfield, and was also well known as an outstanding critic that it is pleasant to find Mr. T. S. Eliot introducing a posthumous book *Katherine Mansfield and other Literary Studies* by John Middleton Murry. This book points out that there are several kinds of literary critic and that among them the most important distinction is between the writer whose criticism is a by-product of his creative activity, and the writer whose criticism is itself his creative act. Murry was a literary critic first and foremost who had published poems, a verse play and several novels without any resonant success. Criticism was his greatest talent and there are numerous evidences of his critical successes. The concluding paragraph of *Katherine Mansfield* deserves quotation:

And so it is that if I had to choose one adjective to describe the essential quality of what she did and what she became, it would be the adjective 'serene'. And it seems to me that those who are responsive to her writing recognise this serenity—the serenity of a rainbow that shines through tears—and know that it comes from a heart of peace 'in spite of all'. Katherine could look back on her life, with all its miseries and all its brevity, and declare that 'in spite of all' it was good; that 'in spite of all' suffering was a privilege, pain the gateway to a deeper joy, sorrow the birth-pang of a

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new beauty. 'In spite of all'—the phrase, mysterious and simple has life, contains the secret of herself and her art. It is a phrase which more than any other comes in my heart, with the sweetness of a long familiar pain, when I think back on what she was and what she wrote from what she was. Beauty triumphs over Ugliness 'in spite of all'. In spite of all, the little lamp glows gently and eternally in *The Doll's House*; in spite of all, the sleeping face of the dead man in *The Garden Party* murmurs that All is well; and though Ma Parker has nowhere to cry out her misery, she is beautiful for ever, in spite of all.

It cannot be said that the format of Mr. Victor Gollancz's publication is as good as it should be, often it has tendencies which are far too American for my enjoyment. A book by an American, *The Ancient Mariners*, which describes the seafarers of the Mediterranean in ancient times with good illustrations is both useful and informative however. If it is long-winded, it is just possible that this may be due to its transatlantic affiliations. This can be understood as Mr. Lionel Casson has been Professor of classics at New York University for over twenty years.

*Nautilus 90 North* by Commander William R. Anderson and Clay Blair Jr., has as its title the code message in which Commander Anderson told the world that the climax of his voyage had been successful and that according to plan they had gone 90° north, to the top of the world and the Nautilus had pierced the pole. In less than a century since Jules Verne, Nautilus had sailed 20,000 leagues under the sea and made the dream a modern reality.

Commander Anderson's prose is clear and direct and *Nautilus 90 North* can be read with interest and appreciation by almost anybody.

The same criticism might be made of Mr. Neville Williams's *Contraband Cargoes*. The subject is 700 years of smuggling in Britain. It began with wool in medieval days. Smuggling may have been romantic in the past, but in the present day "contraband cargoes" are much more prosaic. However, certain sections of the world's community still find in it an uncomfortable kind of romance. When detectives began to X-ray men as they left the mines at Kimberley, it was soon discovered that the camera could be cheated by swallowing a glass of water before and after swallowing a diamond. By contrast an American syndicate received most of its smuggled diamonds in unregistered packets sent through the post.

Sir John Smyth was awarded the V.C. at twenty-one and in *The Only Enemy* he writes about his life, first as a professional

soldier at the head of a small band of sheiks in France in 1915, later as lawn tennis correspondent, M.P. and journal proprietor. Sir John writes with enjoyment of a full and useful life, there is nothing pretentious or sensational in his book, it is uniformly readable and has an unusual feature—the appreciative introduction by the author's wife.

Mr. Rex Taylor's first book of *Poems* mercifully follows what seems to be becoming the prevailing poetic mood. He has a great love of nature. He writes, not without some sort of homage to Edward Thomas. Part of his considerable depth of experience derives from his service in the Western Desert and in the Near East during the last war. His Irish strain is responsible for the ambitious poem "Poem For Voices", a tribute to Michael Collins. Here is another poet who has already written well and promises great things for the future.

ERIC GILLET.



THE LEVELLING HAND. By Margaret Ben-aya. Collins. 15s.

THE ASSISTANT. By Bernard Malamud. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 16s.

MEMENTO MORI. By Muriel Spark. Macmillan. 15s.

LOVE IN FOUR FLATS. By Ralph Ricketts. Chapman & Hall. 15s.

RETURN. By Kathrine Talbot. Faber & Faber. 15s.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT. By Henry Cecil. Joseph. 13s. 6d.

GOLDFINGER. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 15s.

AN unfamiliar scene; characters that belong in the setting; an effective interplay of the characters; and plenty of plot and action: these ingredients, excellently blended, make *The Levelling Hand* a first novel of unusual interest, which at one point seems a variation of the Uriah story. But the narrator (and so the reader) is plausibly misled in one essential judgement, and the denouement puts all that has gone before in a different light. The scene: Israel, ten years old, twice victorious against odds, still warring. The central characters: tough, ruthless Colonel Uri; his strange, beautiful, neglected wife, Ruth; the cynic



## NOVELS

(is he?) who tells the story and is Uri's chief of staff; and the poet, once Uri's friend, now added to his staff, now in love with Ruth. Not the least of the virtues of this novel is its freedom from affectation, from any striving after persuasive effects. This quality gives special value to the way in which the characters combine sincere dedication to Israel with a keen eye to their own interest.

Another interesting but very different picture of Jewry is presented by *The Assistant*—although the eponym only becomes a Jew at the book's end. Bernard Malamud takes us to a grimly poor quarter of Brooklyn, to a little Jewish grocer struggling against disaster, always honest and by inclination always compassionate. The assistant is a Gentile of crime and violence, who works for Morris Bober to right the wrong he has done him. He falls in love with the daughter, and by painful degrees, with much backsliding, progresses almost despite himself to a heroic devotion—to be obdurately rejected by those he has injured. This man is drawn with convincing sincerity, but no less impressive are the other characters, pleasant and unpleasant. It is a considerable achievement on the author's part that the squalors are redeemed by their endurance and that the dominant note is one of hope.

The peculiarity of *Memento Mori* is that virtually all its persons are old—well into their seventies; and that age is its theme. A number of men and women in their active days linked by birth or marriage or familiar association and now at their lives' ends somewhat scattered, are reknit into a kind of unity by an unidentified voice which reminds each by telephone that death is inevitable. The voice—its mystery is never solved—serves chiefly this reuniting purpose and so enables Muriel Spark to conduct the reader through a gallery of old people, some wealthy, some poor, some celebrated, some obscure. Laugh, sigh or shudder, you are always fascinatingly confronted by the differences between senility and insanity and by the problems which age presents above all to those in narrow circumstances. It is rare to meet a novel which wholly deserves the epithets "original" and "successful."

Competent and quietly interesting, *Love in Four Flats* has too slight a central theme. Its characters are mainly associated through residence in the same block of flats. Their stories, as couples or individuals, cannot be explored at all fully (if indeed they deserve

that) and the location of the flats and the time (the 1930's) guarantees that they are all reasonably conventional. But within these limitations they are very well drawn—the doctor who ought perhaps to be a priest, the attractive girl whom he loves but who loves a German, the frothy young couple whose child is a mongol, the literary type whose affair with the young wife gives her so little satisfaction, the invalidish unimpressive young man who so longs to be liked. All these are excellent supporting roles in a pleasant comedy of manners: what is lacking is the stars.

A civilized if simple American, Bob Middlebrook, becomes involved in a complicated Bloomsbury household dominated by the spirit of the late Left-inclined philosopher and politician: involved to the extent of falling in love with the daughter Nan; learning from her brother Miles to love London; and acquiring from the *ménage*, and especially from the widow Elinor, unfamiliar standards of success and failure. In *Return* we mostly learn the story second-hand, from the Englishwoman living in New York to whom Bob goes as it were for safe-keeping when he finally escapes the bewilderments of the Blessleys. Kathrine Talbot

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relates it all sensitively and sensibly, but I could take no more than a detached, intellectual interest, without sympathies or curiosity satisfactorily engaged.

That the Law has its absurdities but its basis in logic is, I suppose, what Henry Cecil, licensed Court jester, generally teaches. What if any is the lesson of his latest frolic I cannot determine. Here we have a millionaire, incapable of lying, who is found guilty of murder through perjured evidence procured by a lady bound to him by a kind of affection. Sentenced to life-imprisonment, he resorts to remarkable means (his millions abetting) to clear himself—how successfully the reader cannot be sure till the last, short chapter is reached. We learn something, perhaps, about lawyers, but certainly the events and characters have little to do with real life. I conclude that *Settled out of Court* is meant only to entertain: which it does.

Ian Fleming is faithful to a successful recipe. He has his own Secret Service and his murder-licensed Bond to exemplify it. He reckons that his plot may be illimitably absurd so long as it is dished up hot and quick, spiced (as one critic has succinctly put it) with "sex, sadism and snobbery." On this occasion he presents Auric Goldfinger, master criminal, richest man in Britain, unable to play fair whether at golf or canasta (a couple of chapters mean little to a reader who plays neither), employer of a Korean bodyguard of incredible toughness, extemporaneous organizer of the top American gangs for a fantastic raid on Fort Knox: and so stupid as instead of killing Bond and the Lesbian sister of an earlier girl-victim, to employ them to do the raid's clerical staff-work. So Bond survives, and Auric & Co. too, for a final showdown over the Atlantic. The curtain falls on Bond busy with a beautiful gangstress (spiritually white as driven snow): "his mouth came down ruthlessly on hers."

MILWARD KENNEDY.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

- BRITAIN AND THE ARABS. By Glubb Pasha. Hodder & Stoughton. 30s.  
NURI AS-SAID. By Lord Birdwood. Cassell. 30s.  
WAR AT THE TOP. By General Sir Leslie Hollis. Michael Joseph. 21s.  
THE LIBERAL FUTURE. By Joseph Grimond. Faber. 12s 6d.  
ADVERTISING IN MODERN LIFE. By John Gloag. Heinemann. 10s 6d.

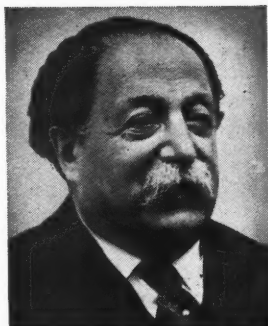


**records**

*Orchestral*

**T**HERE is another addition this month to the slowly growing number of hitherto unrecorded Haydn symphonies. It is No. 82 in C major, nicknamed "The Bear", an allusion to a bagpipe tune in the finale which, with its "crushed" notes in the drone bass, suggested the clumsy animal dancing to some person unknown. It is a wholly delightful work with a light-weight second movement of much charm, and both this symphony and the familiar "Farewell" (No. 45 in F sharp minor) on the reverse are very well played by the Südwestfunk Orchestra, Baden-Baden, under Rolf Reinhardt, and exceedingly well recorded (Vox PL 10340). Tovey sagely remarked that "nothing in Haydn is difficult to follow, but almost everything is unexpected if you listen closely, and without preconceptions." He was writing about the composer's B flat symphony, No. 102, which he ranks as one of Haydn's three greatest instrumental works, the other two being the "London" Symphony (No. 104) and the F major string quartet, Op. 77, No. 2. Leitner and the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra couple the B flat, which is indeed a masterpiece, with the "Military" Symphony, No. 100 in G in performances in a recording as good as the one named above (D.G.G. DGM 19151).

A large number of concertos cry out to be noticed. Elaine Schaffer plays Mozart's Flute Concertos, G major, K313, D major, K314, and an alternative slow movement (K315) to the first of these, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Efrem Kurtz. The D major is an adaptation, very skilfully done by Mozart, of the C major oboe concerto, a joyous and serene work with a perfectly enchanting finale. The G major has a slow movement of astonishing depth; both playing and recording are good (H.M.V. ALP 1676). In his fine performances of Grieg's piano concerto (A minor) and Liszt's No. 2 (A major), a happy coupling, Cziffra sensitively combines poetry and virtuosity and manages almost to prevent one noticing Liszt's vulgarisation of his poetical opening theme, when transformed into the march tune of the finale. The pianist is admirably accompanied by André Vander-



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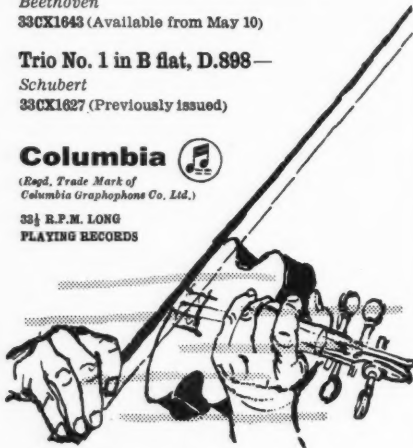
## DAVID OISTRAKH TRIO

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Beethoven  
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Trio No. 1 in B flat, D.898—  
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noot and the Philharmonia Orchestra (H.M.V. ALP 1678). Mindru Katz, another remarkably fine pianist, gives brilliant performances of Khatchaturian's D flat piano concerto and Prokofiev's First Piano Concerto, in D major, with the L.P.O. conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. These are most attractive works, the first of them showing the influence of Liszt, and having melodies with a flavour of Armenian folk-song, the second being in one movement with a lovely lyrical section (Pye CCL 30151).

The beautiful Sibelius Violin Concerto, together with some small pieces by Tchaikovsky, is splendidly played by Ruggiero Ricci, with the L.S.O. under Olvin Fjeldstad, and is given a first rate stereo recording. (Decca stereo SXL 2077).

At last a recording with the right balance of Bartok's magnificent Violin Concerto—lacking only true *piano*—which is superbly played by Isaac Stern with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Ravel's *Tzigane* is also on the disc (Fontana CFL 1031).

Sir Arthur Bliss conducts the L.S.O. in all five of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches—and how good they are—and his own film music suite, "Things to Come" and "Welcome the Queen" piece, on R.C.A. stereo SB 2026; lively performances and realistic recording. Finally Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra provide a feast of delights in their recordings of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* Suite and *Swan Lake* Ballet. These are issued in both stereo and mono (1) Decca LXT 5493-4; stereo SXL L2092-3. (2) LXT 5501-2; stereo SXL 2107-8.

### Opera

Decca's stereo recording of Wagner's *Das Rheingold* deserves every word of the rapturous praise it has received. Ideally cast, intensively rehearsed, superbly recorded, it represents a notable advance in the recording of opera. Neidlinger as Alberich, Flagstad (surprisingly) as Fricka are outstanding among the singers, but the chief glory is the superlative playing of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Solti, which is absolutely thrilling. The mono version on Decca LXT 5495-7 is, I believe, very good—I have not heard it—but the stereo is terrific. Hear the last side on good equipment, and you will be won over to stereo at once (Stereo SXL2101-3).

ALEC ROBERTSON.



## finance

### An Inflationary Budget

**W**HEN is an expansionary Budget not an inflationary one? And was Mr. Heathcoat Amory certain of the answer to the riddle when he framed his proposals for 1959? If not, the consequences—a fresh rise of prices leading to a loss of confidence abroad and, overnight, to yet another sterling crisis—could be fatal for the Tory Party; because this time it will be the free enterprise system, itself which will be on trial. If it fails, its enemies will find it easy to explain the failure as convincing proof that it is impossible to combine stable prices with expansion in a free economy. And the case for controls of all kinds will seem to be established once again.

The City particularly is asking why the Chancellor should even give the impression of flirting with inflation again. It seems perplexing that he has abandoned the safety margin so laboriously and recently acquired in the management of our economic affairs.

It is the size of the overall deficit which has provoked this reaction. The City is painfully aware of the pressure which was needed in the gilt-edged market to achieve the necessary funding last year, and last year the Government had only to borrow £182 million. But this year the Chancellor's plan is for the Government to borrow four times as much—£721 million.

The financing of this overall deficit needs some analysis, because it is here that the critics of the Chancellor's Budget detect its weakness. Even the small deficit last year could not be financed without a rise in the floating debt of nearly £400 million. This was needed to close the gap between the inflow of National Savings of all kinds and the cash which the Government had to pay out on balance in its funding operations. But last year National Savings were exceptionally high, and not the least surprising aspect of the Chancellor's is that, though he now depends much more heavily on National Savings, he did nothing in the Budget to encourage them. Opinion grows that the Government will be forced to borrow at least £150 million on Treasury Bills this year.

Borrowing from the banks on Treasury

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Bills is not necessarily, but is normally, inflationary. In view of the extraordinary importance of preserving stability of prices—to which the Chancellor referred many times in his Budget speech—it is difficult to see why he is running this risk. It is a risk that would only be justified if the economy were obviously running downhill into an orgy of deflation. But it is not. Indeed all the evidence points in the other direction. The Economic Survey painted a picture of a remarkably active and growing economy in 1958. The Chancellor confirmed this in his Budget speech and judged that 1959, too, would be a successful year. He pointed out that the three main components of demand have grown and are growing. Investment by the nationalized industries and other public corporations is expanding considerably. Private investment, which increased throughout 1958, is expected to continue to increase this year, too. Finally the public continues to spend more in the shops and in other ways.

The Chancellor said that the rate of increase in consumption would slow down throughout the year, as the effects of the abolition of hire purchase restrictions wore off. This was the main argument for the cuts in income and purchase taxes. But there is some very muddled thinking in the Treasury on this point. Spending is expected to fall, so taxes are cut. But at the same time the Chancellor went out of his way to say that in the attempts to steady the cost of living "almost everything depends on the degree of restraint shown in wage negotiations this year". But if the economic position justifies the Chancellor in encouraging people to spend, why is it still wrong for the unions to exercise their normal function of pressing for better wages for their members?

Looking at the economy in terms of consumption and investment has the disadvantage that these concepts are too broad to reveal significant details. But even a look at the host of indicators about particular parts of the economy still shows that on the eve of the Budget the outlook was buoyant: for example, the trend in personal incomes, profits, business turnover, bank advances, factory buildings, and the latest figures for every department of retail trading. And it has never been disputed that the feeling in industrial boardrooms remains remarkably confident.

So it was not a bleak picture that the Chancellor presented to the House in his survey of the prospects for the coming year.

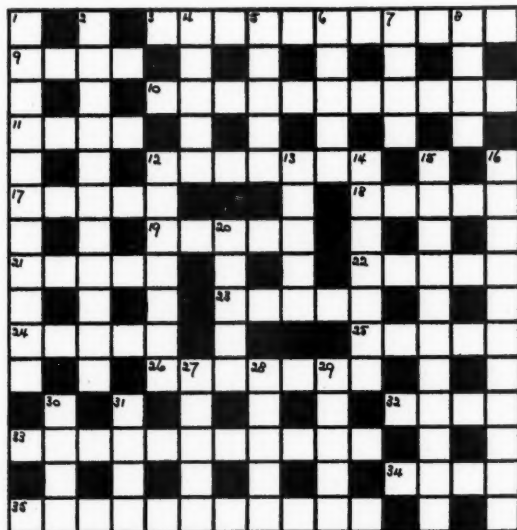
Nevertheless he introduced a Budget based on an overall deficit without precedent. Two considerations seemed to have persuaded him to do this. The first is the level of unemployment. This, of course, has become such a political subject that the purely economic significance of the figures is overlooked. What is remarkable is not the large number of people out of work, even though this rose to over six hundred thousand. This reflects the tremendous changes which are going on in the redistribution of the labour force. What is interesting is the fairly small increase in the number of people out of work for more than eight weeks. At the worst this rose to only just over three hundred thousand. The contrast between the figures shows the ease with which industry is re-absorbing the men and women who become available for new jobs. It is some measure of the strength of demand. Unfortunately the Chancellor has not apparently read it that way.

The Chancellor seems also to have been swayed by the popular theory that idle factories are at present a typical feature of the industrial landscape. This myopic view is based on two very shaky statistical exercises. Both attempt to show the amount of "unused capacity" which exists today. Both however make assumptions which are so broad as to be virtually useless. One supposes that the economy "ought" to continue to grow at a certain speed, based on its performance in the years immediately after the end of the War. The other supposes that there is a certain amount of extra output which "ought" to follow from every £100 million of fresh investment. Both these assumptions are little better than guesses and could be completely wrong. This kind of exercise is completely misleading because it ignores the distinction between the maximum output from industry, which is a technical measurement, and its optimum output, which is an economic measurement, and it can tell us little about the trend of costs or the market for the products of British industry. It is much better left out of any Budget arithmetic.

It is unfortunate that the Chancellor seems to have been trapped by this kind of approach to economic policy into taking far greater risks than were wise. If his judgement proves to have been wrong, then the verdict on this Budget will not be "a spring-time of opportunity", nor "a harvest of prosperity", but "a summer's lease" with "all too short a date".

LOMBARDO.

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Worthing, Sussex.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 32

ACROSS.—1. Atom. 3. Washington. 9. Tots. 10. Negligence. 12. Offer. 13. Carboy. 16. Axes. 19. Odour. 20. Sledge. 22. Adverse. 24. Estate. 25. Soled. 26. Acis. 28. Mercia. 31. Essen. 34. Immaterial. 35. Hero. 36. Contraband. 37. Stet.

DOWN.—1. Astrologer. 2. Out of sorts. 4. Americe. 5. Halcyon. 6. Negro. 7. Tang. 8. Need. 11. Ararat. 14. Assegai. 15. Bass. 17. Adolescent. 18. Bedding out. 21. Lessee. 23. Dear. 27. Canaan. 29. Ester. 30. Carib. 32. Disc. 33. Amen.

### CLUES

#### ACROSS

3. The craft of witches (11)
9. The people of Finland have no capital for such buildings (4)
10. Tidy place at the barracks? (7,4)
11. The beastly home of a penniless Scottish landowner (4)
12. It's irregular to blunder on a nervous affliction (7)
17. "Wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd . . ." Shakespeare (*Macbeth*) (5)
18. Unusually eager to express assent (5)
19. Publication for children (5)
21. Approaches a listener in opposite directions (5)
22. Natural applause is moderately good about fifty (3)
23. Exudation some fuel emits (5)
24. One learns to at school for a time (5)
25. There's a bed in the street for the explorer (5)
26. This is used for washing out of sight (3-4)
28. Piano tune — or two (4)
33. Restrictions on making counterfeit pounds? (11)
34. Sick in association (4)
35. Show is fiend's form of treat (11)

#### DOWN

1. Confusing missals seen to show lack of purpose (11)
2. Burns in motion picture taxes (11)
4. It's not so common for a sapper to be in the right twice (5)
5. Finality in a letter (5)
6. Stew from Islam (5)
7. Victor here was Henry (4)
8. If the result is this it's a tie (4)
12. It goes to sleep when composing a letter (7)
13. Subject in the mechanical sense (5)
14. Are they chased by sea-dogs? (3-4)
15. Mostly just involving disloyalty (11)
16. Signs of life shown by short breath (5-6)
20. Is returning the day before — there's a riddle! (5)
27. " . . . steal fire from the mind as vigour from the limb." Byron (*Childe Harold*) (5)
28. Uncle Remus's brother takes one in a pipe (5)
29. Either way it's a point of doctrine (5)
30. Polish record (4)
31. The reputed founder of Carthage accomplished nothing (4)

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